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VERSES

Presented to His HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of ORANGE.

On His Visiting

OXFORD.



L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer's*
Head against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*,
1734. Price 6 d.

V E R S E S

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PRINCE of ORANGE.

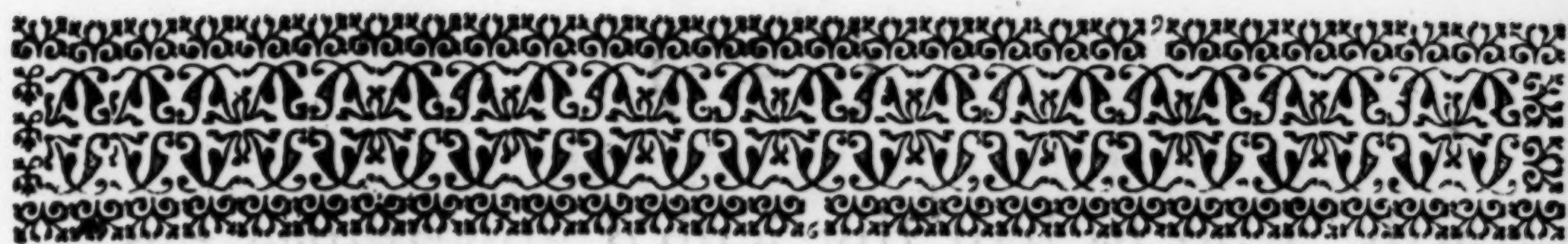


O X F O R D.



L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at Home,
West against St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street.
Price 6 s.



To His HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of ORANGE.

By the Author of EURYDICE.

[Mr. David Mallet] - 611



RECEIVE, lov'd Prince, the tribute of our
praise,

This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.

At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,

Display the genius, but not speak the heart;

And oft, as ornament must truth supply,

Are but the splendid colouring of a Ly.

These need not here; for to a soul like thine,

Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine:

The truly Good but with the verse sincere;

They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such *Nassau* is, the fairest, gentlest mind,

In blooming youth the *Titus* of mankind.

Crowds

Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
 Forgot the Prince to praise and love the Man.
 Even Parties, where eternal discord sways,
 Now think and speak *one* language — 'tis thy praise!
 Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
 Our nobler Youth will learn of thee to please.
 Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
 And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from mean Design proceeds,
 That vice of Courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
 Here plainness dwells, and honest truths are taught,
 To guide and govern, not disguise the thought.
 See those enlighten'd Sages, who preside
 O'er learning's empire; see the Youth they guide:
 Behold, all faces are in transport dress;
 But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
 A joy, the sight of Princes rarely gives;
 From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
 By Fate, the future *Nero's* of their kind:
 But tho' thy blood, illustrious Stranger, springs
 From lawrel'd heroes, and from warrior kings,

Thro'



Thro' all the mighty series, charm'd we trace
The friends of Liberty, and human Race!

Oh born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee, the heavens look pleas'd, the seasons smile.
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and *Britain* was in tears,
All-chearing *Health*, the goddess rosy fair,
Attended by soft suns, and vernal air,
Sought those *fam'd Springs*, where, each afflictive hour,
Disease, and Age, and Pain, invoke her pow'r:
She came; and while to thee the current glides,
Pour'd all her self into the living tides.
Hence, thro' thy bosom that prompt life deriv'd!
Hence, with thy health, the drooping world reviv'd.

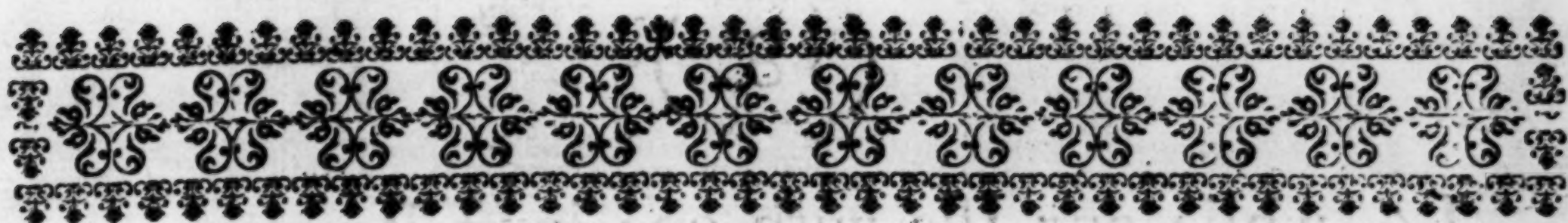
Proceed to emulate thy race divine;
A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
Assert the *titles* genuine to thy blood,
By nature, *daring*; and by reason, *good*.
So great so glorious thy Forefathers shone
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy Vertue full in sight;
Thy Vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

B

If

If to thy fair beginnings strictly true,
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do :
 The honours, that already grace thy name,
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
 Even she, bright *Anna*, whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun.
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted Fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care:
 Her angel face will thy heart's *Softness* charm;
 Her nobler mind thy *Publick* bosom warm.





To His Royal HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of ORANGE.

O N
Passing thorough OXFORD in his Return
from BATH.

 T length in Pity to a Nation's Pray'r
Thou liv'st, O *Nassau*, Providence's Care.
Life's Sun, which lately with a dubious Ray
Gave the last Gleams of a short glorious Day.

Again with more than Noon-tide Lustre burns,
* The Dial brightens, and the Line returns.

Some Seraph sure, who o'er thy Fate presides,
Whose Eye unerring *Albion's* Welfare guides,
Taught yonder Streams with new-felt Force to flow,
And bad th' exalted Minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless *Bethesda* stood,
Till heav'nly Influence brooded o'er the Flood.

Lo!

* *Isai.* Chap. 38. about Heze.

Lo! while our Isle with one loud Pœan rings
 Equal (tho' silent) Homage *Isis* brings;
 (*Isis* whose erring on the modest Side)
 Th' unkind, and ignorant have mistook for Pride.
 Her's is the Task of Reason, not of Art,
 Words of the mind, and Actions of the Heart.
 That modest unbought Praise which Learning brings,
 Outweighs the vast Acclaim that deafens Kings.
 For souls supremely sensible and great
 See thro' the Farce of Noise, and Pomp of State;
 Mark when the Fools huzza, or Wise rejoice,
 And judge exactly between Sound and Voice.
 Hail and proceed; Be Arts like ours thy Care,
 Nor slight those Lawrels thou wert born to wear,
 Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
 Take thy forefathers Worth and give them thine,
 Blest with each Gift that humane Hearts can move,
 In Science blest, but doubly blest in Love.
 Pow'r, Beauty, Virtue dignify thy Choice
 Each publick Suffrage, and each private Voice.

W. HARTE.

